The enn of Auster itz had set Biohind the pantry door; Nanoleon sheatled his gleaming blade And laid it on the floor; The Iron Mask took off his wig— It hurt hi- ear, be said; And Queen Elizabeth removed Three-quarters of her head.

The next thing was Iniquitous, Which seemed to p case them all;
And then we played The Prodigat,
And then tableau'd The Fall;
for Snipes, who took The Serpent's part,
Get hongry, probably;
At least he ate The Apple up
And quarreled with the Tree.

A larky spirit was abroad, A lar'y spirit was abroad,
Which spoiled the serious things,
And led the gir's to gigg e at
Apollyon's awful wings;
And when the final acene was set
Of Wary Stnart's desth,
Poor Mary was in such a gale
She couldn't catch her breath.

A gloomy court, a headsman's block All hung with weeds of wee, An executioner in black, And tapers burning low; A weird, funereal, solemn scene,

Just bursting for a lark, Too bad! but Mary looked so sweet, And had such pretty hair, The headsman leaned upon his ax And kiesed her plump and square;

Then Ferky Jones, the cowled monk, So grim, and stern, and slow, Turned somersatils across the block And spelled the whole tableau. Then buzz of talk, and change of seats, And laughter's merry peal, Broke up the show, and all the boys 'Took partners for a reel, And we at Jones' Corners think

That trying to be jolly Is better, thirteen mouths a year, Than limp, methetis folly. -The Century.

DEAD NED.

A Tale of the Yorkshire Wolds.

Fifty years ago the laws were not so thoroughly enforced as they are now upon the wild ranges of England called the Yorkshire Wolds. Few of the busy dwellers in populous London have any idea of their grandeur in a winter snowstorm, or of their beauty when an August sun pours down its rays upon stretches of waving corn, that lie like sheets of gold along the ridges, fringed above with dark plantations, During the great exhibition of 1851, a few friends and I took a real holiday for once in our lives, and went for a week to see the wonderful things in London which the papers were so full of. We saw all that could be seen in that time, and we did not lose a moment, I assura you. But, after all, I saw nothing like our grand old hills. It was the first time that most of us had been so far away from home.

My tale?-O yes, that was what I started to tell you; but that was twentyfive years before our London visit, when I was a young man, farming a hundred and sixty acres of land. I had occupied the farm about two years, renting at the same time a house in the nearest village, two miles away, for my wife and two children. The farm-buildings consis ed of a barn, which went by the name of the Red Barn, it being built of red bricks; an old six-horse stable, thatched with whins; a fold-yard, paled around, and two or three wood-sheds. A goodsized house and better out-buildings were being built, but none of them were far enough advanced to be habitable for man or beast. A plantation of ash and spruce trees sheltered the farmstead from wind and storm, as it was situated high up on the hill-side,

Returning home rather later than usual one Saturday night from our market town, a distance of twelve miles, I was told by the man who came out to take my horse that an accident had happened that afternoon.

"What's the matter, David?" I

"Roger has run a fork into his foot," was the answer.

Roger was one of the horses. It appeared, on further questioning, that one of the large steel forks, used for stacking in harvest time, had been carelessly laid upon the stable floor, and Roger, a farm horse, had run its prongs into his foot. The man thought it was a serious wound.

"What have you done to it?" was my mext question.

"Sent off for Coats," Coats was the

weterinary surgeon for the district. "Has he come?" "No, sir; he had gone to Melby,"

Melby, I knew, was eighteen miles away across the country from Coats' home; and, after that journey, he would not feel inclined, at 11 o'clock, on a cold winter night, to start again for another sixteen miles. Turning my horse's head, I told David

to go to bed, and I would ride up to the "Shall I sit up for your horse?" he

asked, yawning, tired from a long day's exposure to cold and storm. "No; no one need wait for me;" and

I started off. Fifteen minutes brought me to the stable-door; but I paused to let my heated mare drink from the pond close by, and as I stood I caught a murmur of human voices within the stable. Surprised, as not a man lived at the steading, I tried the door. It was fastened from the inside. I knocked, still holding my horse by the bridle, the thought coming scross my mind that Coats must have come straight here, without waiting for any one to assist him. There was no answer to my first summons, so i

voice from the inside. "Want? I want in, to be sure. What are you doing there, I should like to know? Open the door at once!"

knocked and called again more loudly.

"Likely!" was grunted back again, "when we are warm and settled after a nasty, cold tramp,"

Now I knew who my uninvited guests were. It is not every one who knows, or knew, of the existence of a class of mendicants, familiarly termed among us "Wold Rangers," a pest to the farmers, and a great dread to the inhabitants of outlying farms. They were constant pilferers; and rarely would work, though often applying for it. None of them was above poaching: and mo t of them had been to prison in some time or another. A few professed to be hawkers of some sort; but the majority begged from door to door. We had no policeman nearer than ten miles, and his face was almost as strange as the Shah's in our district. These lawless wanderers rarely traveled alone, but were generally accompanied by a a donkey, and two or three dogs,

My visitors were in no particular hurry to comply with my reiterated demand for admittance, and their loud snores were most irritating to hear from the outside. Again I vigorously pummeled the door with an ash sapling that I carried in my hand, and loudly stormed at their obstinacy. It was no use, as a growl was all the reply I got. As determined to be inside as they were to keep me out, I went back a few paces, then dashed open the door with my foot,

The moonlight just shone in with sufficient light to enable me to see what a strange lot of bedfellows were grouped together among the straw; and the loose horse-box was at the end of the stable, ght through the thick of them. I ordered them one and all to "turn out," An Irishman, who went by the nickname of "Dead Ned," lifted his fierce, shaggy face, and dared me, in strong language, to attempt to disturb them.

"But my horse," I reasoned; "I must see to him." But reason was drowned in the oppo-

sition of a dozen hoarse voices. I was young then, and reckless of danger; more so than I am now, on the wrong side of sixty. Incensed, I drew back from the open door, slipped the bridle over my thoroughbred's neck, and struck her sharply across the flanks with the ash sapling. It was the work of an instant. She bounded into the stable door, and no sooner were her hoofs heard on the threshold than every creature inside leaped up, startled men, women and

children rushing out pell-mell. I lost no time in striking a light after their quick exit, to see after the wounded animal, leaving the one I had ridden to follow ner own devices, which she did by going outside again. The foot was in a serious state, and evidently painful.

"Coats will never come to-night," I thought, "and something must be done;" and to foment the swollen foot

was the only thing that I could think of. I went outside again, allowing the disturbed women and children to return to the straw; but requesting Dead Ned and some of the others to help me to heat some water. We drove three thick stakes into the bank, close beside the pond, crammed plenty of sticks under the iron pot, and soon had a blazing fire. When the water was hot enough for our purpose, we carried it into the stable, and omented the wounded foot. The proess eased the pain, and, after half an hour's fomentation, I wrapped it up in loths saturated with some healing oils men held the flickering candle, tuck on the top of a lantern; while her eight or ten more were grouped round, watching the proceedings, and giving occasional assistance. As I was bandaging the foot, I caught a motion or sign not intended for me to see. It a signal from Dead Ned-who, I perceived to my horror, held in his hand the heavy iron gavelock that we had used to bammer the stakes into the ground -- to another of his fraternity. ko a flash it came over me; how could have been so reckless, so foolhardy, as o trust myself alone and unarmed among this ruffianly crew?

I grew hot and cold by turns as I remembered that I carried in my breast pocket £160. It was a large sum, you think, for a farmer to have about him; but you see it was not my own. That year I held the office of Income Tax Collector, and had taken the money with me to market to pay the Government Commissioners. I had made a mistake in the hour appointed, and was too late, for they had finished and were gone; consequently, I brought the money back, intending to forward it on Monday. The occurrence had passed out of my mind before reaching home, then David's news completely put everything else out of my head, until I caught the gleam of evil in Dead Ned's eye. It was not so much the physical harm I feared, as the idea that they would not be contented with stunning or murdering me, but would rob the senseless body, and what would become of my wife and children, if my goods and chattels were sold to repay the lost Government taxes? Why, they would be turned out into the wide world homeless and unprotected. The bare thought made me tremble. I must not let them suspect that I had seen their signals.

Oh! the agony of that moment. Making one venture for home, wife and children, as well as life, I carelessly dropped the horse's feet, telling them in a loud voice to keep the candle still until I fetched some more string, and walked out of the stable as deliberately as I possibly could. Once out, I looked for the bay mare that had carried me up. She was leisurely nibbling some short grass a few yards from the door. "Jess, Jess, good lass!" I cried, softly, and very gently approaching her, as I knew that it she bolted, it was good by to life for

Fortunately, she allowed me to catch her, and not a moment too soon, for my unwelcome visitors had followed me, and a glance at their low, villainous faces as I dashed off proved that they were full of rage at thus being baffled. The village church clock struck 1 as I entered

my home in safety. I paid a second visit next morning at 4 to the wounded animal, but leaving my pocketbook at home this time, and going neither alone nor unarmed. The birds, however, had flown. If the ashes of the stick fire, and the bandages on the wounded horse had not borne me witness, I should have been inclined to fancy that last night's narrow escape was "What d've want?" demanded a gruff nothing more than a disturbing dream, a bad attack of nightmare; but these evidences were there, and it had been

Two years afterward, I saw, in our weekly paper, that Dead Ned and two of weekly paper, that been transported for his companions had been transported for manslaughter in a miduight scuffle.

Dakota Fruit.

Bon Homme county is not only at the nead with its long men and fat women, but as a fruit-growing section we believe beats any county in the Territory. T. L. McCrea, who lives north of town, has tive acres of splendid strawberry plants, which last year bore profusely; A. B. Seaton, living west of here, has over four acres of blackberries, raspberries and other shrubbery; one farm near Bon Homma produced fifty bushels of apples last year, and A. J. Adams, who lives north f town, has in his orehard a number of peach trees, from one of which now hangs eighty seven promising peaches. if, setting aside the ultimate success, Grapes of a fine quality were grown last excellence alone is to be considered, year on a number of farms and town then was his fortune as proud as any to numerous following of women and year on a number of farms and town then was his fortune as proud as any to children, a horse and cart or two, often gardens, and promise well the present be found in the records of our ancestry. year. Seaton, who has the immense - Lucan.

uantity of berry producing bushes, sold ast year 2,200 quarts when only a half ere were bearing, and this year expects o supply many adjacent places beside be home market. All that is required oraise fruits of all kinds in abundance a little experience and a fair amount f work. Five years hence this section d Dakota will grow as much fruit as Times.

PINKIE.

Mr. Dimmit's Dog and His Daughter.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.] "I can't imagine what ails that dog!" observed Mr. Dimmit, surveying his canine with considerable apprehension.
"Here, Pinkie! Well, I'm blest! Look
here! I'm dumbed if she hasn't got a
whole patchwork quilt in her mouth! Look at these pieces! All good cloth," and the old gentleman spread them out on the parlor carpet.

"That comes of hoisting up a family, continued the old gentleman. "I claim that no fellow can keep a daughter and dog with any safety to the dog! Look at these pieces of pantaloons! There's been another convention of admirers here toeight, and a quorum of it has gone home with its backs to the fence. You Pink! I wonder some of 'em don't take a night off and spark that dog with a shotgun !"

"What is it all about?" asked an innocent Eagle reporter, who had drepped in to get the old gentleman's views on

the Egyptian question. "I don't know," signed Mr. Dimmit, "but about twice a week I have to unpack that dog's mouth, and every other young fellow I meet walks considerably Spanish as he goes past here. You know, they will call. The whole family is pop-ular and—you see that quilt on my bed? That represents intelligent admiration. Every patch there had a hero fastened to it once, but the dog sort of sepa-rated 'em. They come in squads, and keep coming. I've seen from a dozen to four gross here and on the fence at one time. All smitten clear through, and each clamoring to be heard first. Why, sir, I've got the nicest dressing-gown made of summer trousers goods, and the nobbiest overcoat composed of winter cassimeres that you ever saw!"

"I shouldn't think the same fellows would care to come twice," suggested the reporter.

"I don't know," ruminated Mr. Dimwhich were kept in the stable. One of mit, "They are so thick around here that you can't tell the new ones from the stagers. You should drop in some night and see 'em. They have caucuses, and committees, and delegates, and all that. You know where there are so many they have to organize so as to keep some kind of order, and then Pink constitutes herself a committee of ways and means, and takes up an impartial collection of coat-tails, trousers-legs, collar-bands, and such to defray the expenses of the campaign."

"Your daughter must be very popular," observed the reporter.

"She's the prettiest girl in Brooklyn," made the best collection of autographs, as she regards them, to be found in the possession of any dog on Long island, Was that the bell? Here, Pink! Hi,

you !" But he was too late, "There," he continued, as the dog returned after a short excursion; "that is -I don't believe I know this one," and he put on his spectacles and examined the piece of cloth the dog laid at his feet. "The color is familiar, but I don't place him. Perhaps my daughter will know when she come in. Well, sir, it is the dumbdest sight you ever looked at to see her come from the theater and go over these patches to find out who called, Knows every one of 'em! Can't stick her on a patch, and she's very neat in making 'em up. Look at that sofa pillow! Just take a look at that pianocover! And see this chair, how easy it is," and the old gentleman bounced up and down while the reporter looked on

admiringly. "But you said that a man couldn't keep a daughter and a dog with safety to the dog," binted the reporter.

"I say it," affirmed Mr. Dimmit, sol-"Think of the dye that dog swallows! Here you! down, Pink! Lie It's no use!" sighed the old gentleman. "Some fellow has just come home with her, but he won't come in

here. There was a smothered squeal at the outside door, a quick bark, and a long-drawn groan. Then a glorious vision swept into the parlor.
"Is this all?" she asked, in a disap-

pointed tone, glancing at the trophies. "Didn't Claude come?"

"He may be around under the furniture, darling, or Pinkie may have swallowed him. Are you sure he hasn't got mixed in the shuffle?" and Mr. Dimmit turned the pieces over and regarded his daughter with loving anxiety.

"There'll be fourteen or fifteen new ones here to morrow night, papa," mur-mured the beautiful girl, rumpling his

"Ah!" ejaculated the old man, rubbing his hands. "I may get a summer suit, after all.

And the reporter left the good old man and his radiant daughter, and went away reflecting on the value a loving and popular daughter could be to a kind and indulgent father, if the volume of mashers should always be equal to the demands of the dog.

Melons-Bugs-Coal-Tar.

Among the most effective applications that I have ever known to keep bugs off of vines is tar-water. Stir coal-tar in a vessel of water, let it stand over night till the water is scented and colored with the coal-tar; then, morning, noon and evening, or as often as convenient, go and sprinkle the vines and hill with the liquid; it will both keep the bugs away and make the plants grow more vigorously, being a good stimulent to such plants. Sprinkling the ground freely over the hilts will almost wholly kill or keep away the cut worms and grubs. Very freely applied it does much to kill off the potato beetle, which is so destructive in some localities .- National

Farmer. Ir honest fame awaits the truly good;

FARM NOTES.

CORN COBS AND SQUASHES. - A New Hampshire farmer, in the Boston Journal, recommends putting a handful of corn cobs in the hill, about two inches under ground, when planting squashes, so that the worms will gnaw the cobs in preference to the roots of the squash

WINTER RYE FOR GRAIN,-The time to sow winter rye is from July to November—the earlier the better. Early sown furnishes abundant feed, beside getting well set. Just before winter sets in it is better to sow spring rye. The time to harvest is when the kernel is the largest; if cut then, it shrinks the least, it thrashes easier, and it makes whiter flour.-New England Farmer.

CURING SCAB. - In the treatment of the sheep-scab use the following recipe: Four ounces of tobacco to one ounce of sulphur, for one gallon of water. Bring the water to the boiling point, then put in the tobacco and let it steep until its strength is exhausted, then stir in the sulphur with a little soft soap. These are ratios to be used according to the quantity of "dip" required. It should be tepid or moderately warm, and kept so during the process of dipping or application to diseased sheep. - American Cultivator.

CARE OF GRINDSTONES. - Mechanical Journal, Patriot, N. H.: The following rules should be observed in the care of grindstones: 1. Don't waste the stone running it in water, nor allow it to stand in water when not in use, as this will cause a soft place, and consequent uneven wear. 2. Wet the stone by dripping water on it from a pot suspended above the stone, and stop off the water when not in use. 3. Do not allow the stone to get out of round, but true up with a piece of gas-pipe or a "hacker, 4. Do not leave the stone out of doors in the wind and weather, as this hardens it and makes it less effective, 5. Clean off all greasy tools before grinding, as grease or oil destroys the grit. 6. When you get a stone that suits your purpose, keep a sample of the grit to send to the dealer to select by, as in this way you can always secure one that suits,

THE POLLED ANGUS, -A New York Tribune correspondent, writing from Western Kansas, remarks that at Victoria the cattle raisers are introducing from Scotland a rival to the shorthorns, called the "Polled Angus," A true specimen of this breed is hornless, with a prominent bump which he uses in place of horns when he has an enemy to punish. He is so short in leg that he hardly stands above the grass upon which he is feeding. His body is round, long and massive. His color is black and glossy. He is so hardy that he can endure colds and droughts that tell sadly on the shorthorn. That which will most interest the student of heredity is contained in the first four or five lines of the following extract: "The Angus crosses are strongly marked by their sire. The slenderest, scrawny, long-horned yellow Texas cow presents to her black lord a rejoined the old gentleman, with just | cow after his own heart, solid, standing pride. "And that's the best dog in nine | close to the ground, generally black, counties. Pink likes society, and she's and without a germ of future horns. This lack of horns, though a secondary matter, is certainly an advantage when the steers are to be shipped long distances in crowded cars. The quiet, easy nature of the animals may also diminish the loss of weight which more-excitable breeds suffer in transit, though perhaps the shorthorn has an equal claim to this some time before their asserted superiority can be considered as fully estab- where it is supposed that the assassin beginning in their new surroundings, and it seems not improbable that they may gain their case, and that the gray plains of the interior may one day be thickly spotted with the brilliant blackness of their mixed posterity."

TRUE ECONOMY,-Many a farmer would save time, money and labor by a little exercise of energy and gumption, Here is a man who carries all the water his stock drinks and all that is used in the house, from a well at some distance from the house, making several rods' travel for every pail of water. The time and strength used up in this way in the course of a year would earn money enough to pay for a pump for the house and another for the barn, with the pipe and labor of putting them in. Ten years of such waste of labor represent a large sum of money. Here is another family who spend more time taking down and putting up bars in one season than would pay for a set of convenient gates, A third farmer loses more corn by rats than would pay the interest on a rat-proof corn crib. The wife of a fourth keeps her milk in a back bedroom and her cream submerged in the well, when a little energy would furnish an ice house with creamery attachment, which would pay for itself over and over again in five years in the improved quality and extra quantity of butter. And so we might go on enumerating the little leaks which keep some farmers poor and constantly currail their comforts. The expenditure of time and force in a single year in doing things at a disadvantage would fit out the farms with all those modern conveniences which alone make any kind of business profitable in these days. - Independent Statesman,

DISPOSING OF DEAD ANIMALS, -Many farmers make no attempt to utilize the carcasses of animals and fowls that die on their premises, and do not even give them burial. The favorite method of disposing of them is to draw them out onto a vacant piece of ground and leave them to go to decay and to pollute the atnfosphere. Sometimes they are taken to the woods and allowed to attract wild animals and birds. Occasionally they are thrown into streams and lakes where they act to poison the water that cattle may drink, Every dead animal and bird is valuable for making fertilizers. All our most valuable commercial fertilizers are made in whole or part of animal matter. Little is done to them except to treat them so that they can be handled without difficulty and preserved till they | but he threw down his hat with an awcan be placed in the ground. If an animal dies during cold weather it can be cut into small pieces, which can be buried at some distance underground near the roots of grape vines or fruit trees. They should not be placed very near them, nor should large quantities be placed near any one tree or vine. A stove into the back kitchen !"—Detroit more satisfactory way to treat them is to cut them into small pieces, and compost them with peat or other material that will absorb the gases that are given off during the process of decomposition.

Four or five loads of peat, muck or sod can be used for a bed on which the pieces are placed. On these should be piled more of the same material to the height of at least a foot. Charcoal is an excellent substance to place next to the meat, as it will absorb the gases that are given off better than almost any-thing else. Should any bad odors arise from the heap it should be sprinkled with land plaster. In the course of six months the flesh will be decomposed, and that and the material that surrounded it can be placed on the land and plowed under. - Chicago Times.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Independence day was celebrated almost universally this year. Throughout the country the people were unusually profuse in their demonstrations of patriotic enthusiasm, and in the Old World, wherever a colony or knot of Americans was found, there was some observance of the great day. At Chicago the principal objects of interest were the races, which drew out 15,000 people, the championship ball games, attended by 20,000, and the parade and picnic of the workingmen, in which about 12,000 participated. At Indianapoils an infantry drill attracted spectators estimated at 30,000. The Bain Zonaves, of St. Louis, were given the honors in the contest with the Lackey Zonaves, of Chicago. Veteran soldiers of Vermont to the government of 10,000 held mont, to the number of 10,000, held a reunion at Burlington, and were reviewed by Gov. Farnham and ex-Govs. Proctor and Barstow. There was a notable celebration at Woodstock, Ct., under the auspices of Henry C. Bowen. Senstor Miller, of New York, was the chief orator. The New York Seventh regiment participated in the celebration at Buffalo. George W. Childs gave a dinner in Fairmount Park to 800 Philadelphia newsboys. Senator Logan ad-dressed an assemblage of 3,500 people at Lake Binff, Iil. At Williams College, Dr. Mark Hop-kins delivered a memorial address upon President Garfield. The assemblage contributed \$3,000 to the Garfield professorship rund, and the memorial window was formally presented. At New York and Washington the day was a quiet one, both cities being almost deserted. A grand reception in commemoration of the day was given at Westminster Palace Hotel, London, under the auspices of the American Exchange. Over a thousand persons were present. Marie Roze, Emma Tnursby, and Minnie Hauk sang national songs, and dancing was kept up all night. The Duke and Ducness of Sutherland were among the guests, as also Edwin Booth. Consul Packard gave a banquet to American ship masters at Liverpool, and toasted President Arthur. There was a celebration at Carisbad, in which thirty Chica-

goans participated. The day was attended, as usual, by a number of accidents in different parts of the country, the most serious of which occurred on the Omo river. The steamer Scioto, loaded with excursionists from Weilsville, W. Va., collided with the towboat John Lomas, opposite Mingo Junction, swing to a misunderstanding as to signals. Within three minutes the steamer sank in fifteen feet of water, only the pilot house being visible. At first the loss of life was estimated as high as 250, but the later reports make it probable that not over twenty persons were drowned. The officers of the Lomas went instantly to the rescue, and rescued many of the imperiled. The explosion of a calmon at Ripon, Wis., killed George Page and injured Jack Kingsbury. A temporary stand for fire-works at Pekin, Iil., was crushed by the weight of some reckless men and boys, and several persons beneath it were badly injured. At Leadville, Col., Louis Poznancks was killed by the bursting of a gun. One child was burned to death in Chicago by an explosion of fireworks. Madame Adele made a balloon ascension from Oswego, N. Y., and came down in Lake Ontario, seven miles from

THE ASSASSIN.

His Bones Now Bleaching in the Sun.

[Washington Telegram.] It seems difficult to banish the word Guitean from the dispatches. His bones are daily bleaching in the sun, but the doctors' quarreis have not ended, and the jail guards, laughing excellence. The Angus cattle must wait in their sleeves at human incredulity, point out the spot beneath the Warden's room, lished, but they have made an excellent lies buried. It was not until vesterday that the jail physician discovered that he had been made the victim of a grim practical joke by the fail guards, because he had poured large quantities of carbolic acid over the spot where e thought Guiteau lay buried, to overcome the noisome odor of what he now knows was a rat long dead, placed there by the jesting guard,

Guiteau's bones are being bleached, preliminary to being "articulated," as the doctors call it, in a skeleton. This is the way in which the local papers say it is being done; For several days the huge boiler in the back by lding of the Museum has been seething and bubbling. In it was Guiteau's body. On Saturday morning about 9:30 the process of boiling and ma-ceration was completed, and the bones of the assassin were removed with tongs from the pot and scraped carefully, to divest them of every particle of flesh. They were then steeped in ether, to remove any fat that might have clung to them, and place-I in a stout canvas bag, in which they were taken to the roof. The large bones were then spread out upon the roof. The little ones were placed in small boxes, to insure against the possibility of their being lost, and the process of bleaching communed. At night the bones were gathered up and taken inside the building by the colored man woo has charge of them, where they were placed in a bleaching fluid. Yesterday morning they were taken out and again placed upon the roof, and this process will be continued for a couple of weeks, when the skeleton will be articulated and placed in a

Life's Spring Blessings.

He came out of the side gate with a kaugaroo motion to his legs, and an expression of countenance that would have frozen a tramp into a solid block of ice in six seconds. Then he turned, and while he held to the fence with one hand he shook the other at the house in a wild, strange manner. Then he stood on one foot and felt of the other as tenderly as it he was caressing a new-blown rose, "Wes it all there?" He seemed to doubt, and that same wild expression floated over his countenance again, and again he waved his arm around his head and shook his fist at an unseen enemy. A white, scared face appeared at a

window, and the man danced up and down on his leg and cried out:
"Never! Never again on earth!" A white hand behind the glass beckoned to him, but he waved his arm and

replied: "I won't! I'll send up six men with blocks and tackle!" The white face was pressed against

the pane and the bine eyes had a beseeching look, but the man hobbled along on the grass and growled out : "I'll smash the infernal thing with an

Then a lady appeared in the door and seemed to want to explain something. ful whack and interrupted her with : "I tell ye I'm going down and have this foot amputated, and when you see me clumping around with an old wooden pedestal you'll remember that I told you we ought to turn the house around in-

stead of trying to move that old cook-Free Press. Such who profess to disbelieve in a future state are not always satisfied with

their own reasoning.

PERRY DAVIS'



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